

# Bard

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# Bard

## AMORETTI

3

Now we are all ready to be who we are  
From the Irish bakery in Boston to the girl playing with gulls in Berkeley  
Who could be more me than these tiger lilies  
Shouting along the road this morning summer's here  
Don't start understanding me now.

24 June 2001  
Annandale

## AMORETTI

4

Everything is the same except there is no sea.  
Because the least was fond of me and the boat remembered  
Sparrow shit on the wild rose branch  
They sit between thorns and plan their world  
*La fiente* the intricate prison of what happens us.

24 June 2001

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So main to walk I spend with shower  
a broken watercan a flower left over

and this white bird. Forgive me the colors  
I have painted my life with  
for good or ill the thing presumes

to have a fixity  
as a shabby flower seems

live up to its name and be  
prime example of its paradigm

whoever you are. Now I take her slim face  
and imagine it in private shadows.  
Misplaced martini. A song half understood  
is worth two in the nave. Don't know,

don't know. A toad on the road.

25 June 2001

---

Will this ever evangelize the earth  
Prison squadrons of the newly born  
A text of Diderot, Rousseau, even Fourier  
Might do some good, you never know,

It is a jungle in here  
Where the heart is lion  
And who knows anybody's name

We meet on crossroads we demand history  
From everyone we meet

                                    This demand (which Lacan  
Tells us conceals desire) is what we call  
Culture, sometimes even civilization,

Call it ours.

                    I demand you tell me your histoire  
In case you turn out to rhyme with what I mean.

Need. Conceal desire. Never know.  
Is it a stone or just shaped like one.  
It doesn't move. But the road itself stands still.

25 June 2001

## AMORETTI

5

The *mower* has ground fine my morning  
Into terrible clippings of noise  
A busy god obliterating what he made.

25 June 2001

## AMORETTI

6

The *armature* forgives its windings  
Hard. Better to be bone out loud

Out there where they can know.  
Know me, I am a design.

25 June 2001

## AMORETTI

7

When the government troops are bivouacked nearby  
The family priest hides in his priest-hole  
Back behind the wormy chestnut wainscot  
He mumbles his prayers in there from memory  
As if darkness were a kind of Latin.

*Belief* is the most dangerous animal  
Yet that's what I let run around inside me  
Perceiving and conceiving and God knows what.  
Better to be gone. Or let the armature speak  
A bone in the wind of matter  
Wound round with meat and horn and hair.

25 June 2001



A M O R E T T I

8

I want to break everything

Want to break I open  
and put you inside

and them and all and all the distances

26 June 2001

## THE TRIAL OF SAINT JOAN

She said she was trying to answer the old lady's question  
The earth is always bitching  
Every old woman is a panel of bishops

She said trying to answer the question  
Without looking at the old lady the old ladies who were bishops  
Instead she looked at the man on the wall.

2.  
This trial. This conduct. This stone.  
These questions

Enemies speaking the same language  
But we have different weathers

My knee hurts  
Comfort is all

Questions are enemies  
This trial is about believing.

3.  
The ones who have no experience of the holy except what they have been  
taught to believe, naturally they hold on harder. They have nothing to hold  
onto but the holding itself. This grasping is called believing.

Belief is holding.

But she *knew*.

So she didn't have to hold. She let go. She let go and went into the fire, was  
fire, went into air and was suddenly *there*

Where knowing goes.

26 June 2001

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the free without a shadow  
on a pale free rockly dyed

came saunter my way and

this was medieval bliss  
delivered to the lap direct

from all her say so

26 June 2001

---

The year with no name  
Confuses the Cantonese chef.  
No animal, no element.  
We come from mountains  
So high the fat moon can't  
Get from the other side  
So our lives are full of stars  
Closer and closer, the sun  
Scratches her back on the peaks.

26 June 2001  
Kingston

---

I dreamed I was a detective hired by my wife. At first I thought the case could be solved by thinking. Then I knew I had to go outside.

27 June 2001

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The kenning we know by,  
churl ampersand  
every rendezvous is just rehearsal for the next

shape of a rock  
ferocious summer answer  
sundown hope for heaven  
heaven would be a cloud

my father's greek e penmanship  
pathologies of hope  
shape of a cloud

2.  
I have to be on the other side of war  
grasses amazement list of folly  
I think I need you for my mistake

sun caught in a tree  
desperate flashes  
there must be wind

moving something  
that is not you and is not me  
what is the wind that moves the sun

whose breath makes the sun flicker?

27 June 2001

---

Reservation work  
revising my tribe  
I belong to  
the people who  
live on the other  
side of the river  
the future  
I flounder towards them  
through the shallows of now.

28 June 2001

AMORETTI

[ ]

And then the magnificence of now. No  
revision and all vision, all noon and rivers  
sugar beets and hills and rivers and rivers  
all the way to four this afternoon.

28 June 2001



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On the day of the peacocks  
four peacocks  
                  their tails displayed  
their hands together  
forming a lotus of four petals  
each petal a shell and the whole  
gathering of them one great shell

and in this bell two lovers travel  
uneasy with their vocabulary  
but so close, close as a shell to the sea  
or a bird to the sound  
it says  
                  they live in each other  
and in that biggest shell  
they offer each other to the sky

no time for anything but them  
no more pronouns  
it is truer now than ever was before

and the sky comes down to feed.

29 June 2001

## AMORETTI

On the day of tall four legged animals *kyöx*  
they are the legs of one animal  
their bodies are its body  
their hearts are double-natured  
a horse with two heads and the heads love each other  
a deer with two hearts and they dream different  
images different desires all  
letters in the same long word they spell with their lives.

29 June 2001

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Rue the little street I lost you on  
I found you again and all the woe  
turns to where  
                    and there is here  
after all and we are won  
again in this strange dixie  
south of the line we come alive.

30 June 2001

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Between the fires of artifice  
and the exploding calendar  
a French Jew salutes the zodiac  
deciding to belong  
to nobody any more  
not even his hands  
not even his slippers.

There were too many others  
for me to be one.  
Too many yous  
for me to be me.  
I have to be you too,  
eat cherries from the trees  
follow the yellow stripe along the road

till I come to the annihilating  
fire and am me again.

30 June 2001  
in memory of Max Jacob  
(completed 23 July 01)